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1921

INCH-GRASS
AND
BLUE-JOINT

By

FRANK B. LINDERMAN



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BUNCH-GRASS
AND
BLUE-JOINT



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BLUE - JOINT

BY
FRANK B. ^{birds}LINDERMAN
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NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1921

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So
MY WIFE

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BUNCH-GRASS
AND
BLUE-JOINT

*For the West an' its people was honest an' new,
And the range spread away with the sky for a lid—*

“Git Down an’ Come In ”

“GIT down an’ come in !”

Could words open wider a heart or a
door

Than that greeting of plainsmen in days that
are o’er,

“Git down an’ come in ?”

“Git down an’ come in !”

The bid to the stranger, the welcome of friend,
When miles lay ahead, or when nearing an end;
The same in the sunshine, the same in the night:
May mem’ry preserve it, and time never blight

“Git down an’ come in !”

Cayuse Bill

OLD Cayuse Bill was tea'd up right
In Shorty's Place the other night,
An', backin' up agin the bar,
He hooked his spur on the foot-rail thar
An' moralized on ginerall things,
From hosses down to queens an' kings.

I've heered it said, an' know it's true,
An' like as not you've heered it too,
That, dodgin' all the if's an' but's,
It's brains an' not a bunch of guts
That whisky wakes with idees strange
An' with 'em drifts across the range.

Cayuse Bill

“My dad,” says Bill, “I never knowed;
But jest the same I lived an’ growed,
An’ I ain’t found but what men see
An’ recognize all good in *me*,
Without back-trailin’ to the ground
My parents used to stomp around.

“A thoroughbred in humankind
Is easy any time to find,
But stake their sons an’—what’s the use?
Nine times in ten they’re jest cayuse—
They’re throwbacks to forgotten strains
That run to bone instid of brains.

“A throwback comes a-lopin’ in,
An’ like as not he’s born a twin
To record-makin’ breedin’ stock;
But nothin’ proves it, ’cept the clock.
He’s shy all marks, but jest the same
He’s branded with his daddy’s name.

Cayuse Bill

“A strain of blood that’s weak an’ cold
May mix with one that’s strong an’ bold;
An’ that cayuse is standard-bred
That sets his mark a mite ahead,
No matter if his pedigree
Is known to jest his mother, see?

“Performance,” says old Cayuse Bill,
“Is all that counts, or ever will,
In hosses or in humankind;
An’ every time ye’re sure to find
That them that boasts a family tree
Ain’t more’n what they’d oughter be.

“Of course a family’s got to start
Some place, somehow, an’ that’s the part
Men overlook, until some colt
Of cayuse stock gives them a jolt
An’ cleans ’em up, an’ right there he
Is saved to start a family tree.

Cayuse Bill

“It ain’t all breedin’, let me state,
It’s this here fast an’ fancy gait;
So I have held, pure-bred or cross,
A man comes standard like a hoss,
By action shown in any game
To which he lends his strength an’ name.”

Note: By the law of the turf, a cold-blooded horse may become standard-bred by its own performance.

The Lonely Tepee

ALONE on the sage-brush stretches
Where roamed the bison herds,
And ruled a race of warriors
Free as the flight of birds—
This ghost of old-time greatness
In twilight of the past,
The remnant of a shadow
Now dim, and fading fast.

In homage bend the grasses
At a gentle wind's decree,
O'er the valley cries the curlew,
Like the mourning of Nahpee,
The red sun, sinking westward,
Seems fondly to invoke
A message to the war-like
From its silent, curling smoke.

Luck

OL' man Ogletree is smart
 (Got a gizzard fer a heart),
Sez he don't believe in luck,
 Calls it sentimental truck.

Ol' man Ogletree, ye see,
 Owns the "S" an' "Circle-C."
Management, he sez, is what
 Makes the bet an' wins the pot.

Ol' man Ogletree, an' me,
 In the spring of eighty-three,
Rode the grub-line up the trail
 To the range on Beaver-tail.

Luck

Ol' man Ogletree was wild,
An' a father's only child,
Couldn't ride a wagon-bed,
Never had a hand ner head;

Wasn't worth a badger's hide
Till his daddy up an' died,
Leavin' him, alone, ye see,
With the "S" an' "Circle-C."

To the Coyote

I USTER hate ye once, but now
I've weakened some, an' wonder how
Ye live on airth that's ditched an' fenced,
An' lately, somehow, I've commenced
To like ye.

I uster think ye devil's spawn,
But dang it, all my hate is gone.
I watch ye prowl an' win yer bets
Agin the traps a nester sets
To ketch ye.

Once I practised ornery traits,
An' tempted ye with p'isoned baits;
But if ye'd trust me, an' forgit,
I'd make the play all even yit,
An' feed ye.

To the Coyote

It took a time for me to see
What's gittin' you has *landed* me:
Yer tribe, like mine, is gittin' few,—
So let's forgit; an' here's to you,
Ol' timer.

If I could, I'd turn the days
Back to wilder border ways;
Then we'd make our treaty strong,
An' try our best to git along,
Dog-gone ye!

Cayuse Bill's Sermon

I TELL you, pard, ol' Cayuse Bill
Can talk an' preach, an' things he's said,
Throw in with men when they're a-bed,
An' loaf around a feller's brain,
An' git soaked up, jest like the rain
In coulees.

His words slip out an' you might think
'Twas all to entertain the boys,
Like shootin' blanks to make a noise,
Not knowin', it's an even toss,
That, like dogs you've spoke to cross,
They'll come back.

Cayuse Bill's Sermon

One day his Monte up an' died.
I knowed he'd bleed an' mourn his loss,
Fer ol' Bill shorely loved the hoss.
He dug a grave, rolled Monte in,
An' then (you'll say 'twas deadly sin)
Ol' Bill preached.

I see him yet a-standin' there
Bare-headed, with the hands all 'round,
An' him a-lookin' at the ground.
"Boys," he says, right soft an' low,
"All things that lives has got to go,
Like Monte.

"The little hoss has laid 'em down,
But bet 'em high an' always stayed
In every hand he ever played.
If good is saved in man or beast,
Then Monte's driftin' toward the East
To bed him down.

Cayuse Bill's Sermon

“There wa’n’t no steer he couldn’t bust,
No time he didn’t do his part,
No quittin’ in his pony-heart.
He wa’n’t no town-hoss, prancin’ wide
But jest a cow-hand with a pride
In work.

“I ain’t ashamed to ante here:
If I done dirt, he knowed it shore;
An’ though sometimes I’ve been so pore
I didn’t have no shell ner bed,
I stuck to him, an’ went ahead
Without tobaccer.

“I wouldn’t sell ner trade him off,—
An’ if a pony’s spirit can
He’p a feller be a man,
Monte’s hant is shore to be
Ridin’ herd on sech as me.”
Then he said “Our Father.”

Things Shore do Change

“**T**HINGS shore do change,” said Cay-
use Bill;

“No use to buck or fight yer head,
They’d git along if we was dead—
But jest the same I liked the ways
Men follered in my younger days.

“I cain’t git used to maverick style
That’s claimin’ range an’ driftin’ in
Like Satan herdin’ mortal sin.
I like ol’ times—I cain’t abide
To see a white gal ride astride.

“An’ men’s a-driftin’, too, a lot.
They cinch a watch to hairy wrists
An’ wear their hats with ornery twists—
But twenty-two’s is shy of fame
Although they’re on a forty’s frame.”

To an Old Cow-horse

YE Roman-nosed buzzard, yer eye has grown
dim:

Old Time has been rustlin' the lines that were
trim:

Yer joints are as kinked as a rope that's been
coiled

Since the sheepmen invaded a range they have
spoiled;

Still the blood that's within ye thrills in a heart

As strong as a thoroughbred's is at the start,

An' the swish of a rope, or the six-shooter's voice,

Or the yell of a puncher would make ye rejoice,

An' to you the smoke from the iron is as sweet

As the perfumes that hint of a lady's retreat.

Ye're useless to-day, but while ye're alive,

Ye'll ornament earth like an old forty-five.

Pard o' Mine

SOMETIMES, ol' pard of other days,
I git to ridin' after strays
That drift across ol' Mem'ry's range
To bed where shadders move an' change.
I saddle thought, an' ride the line,
An' sift to camp, ol' pard of mine,
An' while the sun's a-beddin' down,
An' weanin' shadders mope aroun',
I wait fer you till all the stars .
Are peekin' at me through the bars
Of Time's corral, an' p'intin' ways
That lead to camps of other days.

Pard o' Mine

I hear the coyote's wail forlorn,
An' the curlew's call at morn,
Yit I wait fer you an' Joe,
An' the boys we uster know
'Fore the fence got in the game,
Or the lousey woolies came
To horn us out by blattin' 'round
Trompin' bunch-grass in the ground,
Pollutin' airth, an' s'ilin' sod—
It shorely puts me on the prod
To see an' hear 'em—an' the smell
Makes a puncher think of hell.

An Incident at Shorty's

'T WAS blowin' hard, an' Cayuse Bill
An' ol' Scar-face an' Lafe McGill
Was playin' solo fer the drinks
Down to Shorty's; an' I thinks
I'll jest drift in an' bed me down,
Fer nothin's deader than a town
Where every saddle's been in soak
Fer sixty days, an' hands is broke,
An' waitin' fer the grass to start
With mighty nigh a prayer at heart.
"Have somethin', Dave," says Cayuse Bill.
I ain't forgot, ner never will.
He'd soaked his spurs—inlaid they was
(If that don't hurt, then nothin' does).
I watches an' I takes a drink
When Cayuse loses, an' I think
He sloughed the games by playin' rank

An Incident at Shorty's

But when he paid, I'll say I drank.
Bimebye a whistle cuts the night
And then a head-light comes in sight.
It's Number One, an' slowin' down,
She stops an' drops a man in town.
He heads across the railroad track,
The gale a-proddin' at his back
Till, pantin' like a winded colt,
He lands in Shorty's for a jolt.
He dranked alone (I hope to die!
An' me an' Scar-face standin' by).
He warms his hands, an' then old Bill
He says a "Howdy" kinder still.
The feller nods, but makes no bet,
An' Bill he looks more friendly yet.
"Excuse me, pard," he says, "I see
Ye're wearin' clothes that's new to me.
Maybe ye'll tell me why ye wear
A good silk-robe with all the hair
Turned in agin yer other clothes."
An' then old Bill he rubs his nose.

An Incident at Shorty's

"It's warmer with the hair inside,"
The feller says, an' couldn't hide
Contempt fer ignorance of the brand
He see about on every hand.
"Oh-ho!" laughs Bill, "Oh-ho! Oh-ho!
I'll bet that dam-fool buffalo
Was borned an' lived an' finally died
'Thout knowin' how to wear his hide!"

Bible History

TWAS a night to remember, an' Dirty an'
me

Was night-herdin' beef for the Seven-U-P.
The Painted Robe buttes on Big Alkali
Was blotches of black, an' the stars in the sky
Wiggled an' winked, keepin' out from the gray
Of the thin, smoky trail of the big milky-way;
An' now an' agin a star would cut loose
To stampede away like a loco'd cayuse,
An' with luck ridin' herd miss the rest by a hair,
To drop out of sight like it never was there.

The steers was all down when Dirty Dick spoke,
As he got out his papers to roll him a smoke:
"I've been readin'," he says, "'bout a hand on
the range

Bible History

In plum' early days; but there's shore been a
change

Since Samson, the fighter, the first to commence
To buck agin nester's a-stringin' a fence,
Ketched a bunch of red foxes an' set 'em afire
An' burned out the wheat-fields—don't call me
a liar!"

(I'd reached for my gun. I was worried, you
see:

It was miles to the camp of the Seven-U-P).

But he grins, an' he says: "If ol' Baldy Nye
Was to tell me that yarn, I'd swear 'twas a lie;
But it's Biblical his'try I'm tellin' you, straight,
An' you've *got* to believe it, I'm here to relate.
This Samson," he says, "was an old fightin' fool,
An' what do you reckon he used for a tool
To kill off the Greasers a-takin' the grass?
Why, nothin' on earth but the jaw of an ass;
He'd sail in among 'em, an' clean out a camp
As slick as a train runs away from a tramp.

Bible History

He had 'em all bluffed, an' the game was his
own—

He'd a-won in a walk, if he'd played it alone;
But he didn't, he went an' throwed in with a
skirt.

Her name was Delilah, an' she shore done him
dirt.

She was crooked, but cute as a young suckin'
calf,

An' he'd ride any outlaw to git her to laugh.

He was rated the strongest of men in the world;
He wore his beard long, an' his hair always
curled;

An' figurin' an' guessin' what made him so stout,
She kicked on his beard, an' the secret was out.

'Twas the first he'd refused her, but he bucked
high an' wide

When she wanted to shear him, an' finally she
cried;

But he stuck like a tick till the end of the week,

Bible History

When the miserable heifer led from a sneak.
She ketched him asleep an' cut off his hair,
Then called in her tribe, an' they had him for
fair.

The story don't tell what he said to his dear
When he wakened hog-tied—it seems kinder
queer—

His hair was his hole-card, you see, an' its length
Had somethin' to do with his muscle an'
strength.

But for meanness that outfit would win any
prize;

They beat him up awful, an' put out his eyes,
They dragged him for trial to the high Muck-a-
muck,

But Samson was wise an' knowed he was stuck.
The tepee was packed, an' Delilah was there
With a sneer on her face that would wean a cub
bear.

His arms was around the big center pole

Bible History

That held up the canvas, an' he prayed for his
soul.

Then all of a sudden he surged, an' KEWHANG !
Down come the tepee an' all the shebang.

He got 'em ! Delilah was ketched with the
rest,

An' of all of his killin's I like that the best—
She was mashed to a pulp with the whole Greaser
batch.

An' that's the whole story. Now gimme a
match."

The big rangey steers had got restless, an'
stirred—

'Twas enough to stampede 'em, I knowed, if
they'd heard,

So I sang to 'em soft; an' I settled it, me;
I'd stood my last guard for the Seven-U-P.

$\mathcal{UP}$ = 7-U-P or 7 up.

Cabins

THEY was dirt-roofed, an' homely, an' ram-
blin', an' squat—

Jest logs with mud-daubin'; but I loved 'em a
lot.

Their latch-strings was out, an' their doors
wouldn't lock:

Get down an' walk in ('twas politer to knock).
Mebby nobody home, but the grub was all there;
He'p yerse'f, leave a note, to show you was
square;

Might be gone for a week; stay as long as you
please,

You knowed you was welcome as a cool summer
breeze;

Might be spring 'fore you'd see him, then he'd grin
an' declare

He'd a-give a good hoss if he'd only been there.

Cabins

But he's gone with his smile, an' the dear little
shack

With his brand on its door won't never come
back.

An' his latch-string is hid with the spirit an' ways
That gladdened our hearts in them good early
days.

There wasn't a fence in the world that we knew,
For the West an' its people was honest an' new,
And the range spread away with the sky for a
lid—

I'm old, but I'm glad that I lived when I did.

The Cow-Puncher's Yarn

ONE night 'way back in eighty-six,
Me an' the Sawyer Kid,
An' Howlin'-Hank of the Circle-C,
I'll tell ye what we did.

A-wranglin' broncs gets tirin' some,
An' so we hit the trail
Fer a little spree to Porcupine,
'Way down on Beaver-tail.

We got to soakin' up the booze
As peaceable as hell,
But jest when things is goin' to change
Is mighty hard to tell;

The Cow-Puncher's Yarn

Fer some folks pack a brandin'-iron
In places mighty strange,
But only fools brand mavericks
Astray on trouble's range.

An' they fergit that ownership
Begins in this here land
When once the critter's ear-marked
An's wearin' of their brand.

Old Hank were always keerless,
An' with devilish intent
He went an' staked a trouble-claim
'Twere hard to represent:

A bunch of fellers up the bend
Blowed in an' mixed with us,
An' 'mong 'em were a lantern-jawed
An' 's ornery-lookin' cuss

The Cow-Puncher's Yarn

As ever forked a buzzard-head
Er burned a critter's hide,
An' devils plainly kept their spurs
Agin his temper's side.

He seemed a walkin' challenge
To creation's sneakin' deeds,
An' I knowed his soul were fertile
Fer a patch of trouble-seeds.

Now, Hank's got education—
Hain't no denyin' that—
Got Shakespare all by heart, I guess,
An' Scott, about as pat.

The booze had got to combin' him
Fer thoughts them poets had,
But when he got his rope on one,
His choice was mighty bad.

The Cow-Puncher's Yarn

I see him swellin' out o' shape,
An' pretty soon says he:
"It's time all honest men's abed,
An' it's a cinch they be."

Ye could of heered a hoss-fly think
'Twere that quiet fer a spell
But when she got digested good,
I guess she wasn't hell!

The snake-eyed cuss from up the bend,
He skins his hardware out,
An' lets her strip at Howlin'-Hank,
But shoots the lamp-light out.

In jest about a second,
Our guns begun to bark
At nasty streaks an' flashes
Of shots fired in the dark.

The Cow-Puncher's Yarn

They licked a hole in blackness
Like the tongues of rattlesnakes;
An' I knowed the game a-playin'
Had human lives fer stakes.

If I live to be a hundred
I want to tell ye, Pal,
I'll never drive from mem'ry
That night in Hell's Corral.

They killed the Kid; but wanderin'
An' stirrin' up a muss
In perdition's depths, I reckon
That ornery-lookin' cuss

Is a-findin' trouble plenty;
An' I hope he stakes his claims
Where they make the fire the hottest
With the bluest sulphur flames.

The Cow-Puncher's Yarn

Pard, I've noticed that a feller

Who goes a-browsin' 'round

Fer trouble, is fergitful

That it's waitin' to be found;

So I shy at hints of fusses

An' am peaceably inclined,

An' when I dig up misery

I cover up the find.

Fer consequence is saddled

An' a-waitin' fer a hike

To git inside the same corral

With him that makes the strike.

Preecher Price

Upon his leaving Montana

SEE that little ol' bald-faced brute—
Cayuse, um-hu—ain't no dispute.
I guess you don't quite understand
An' think it's jest his owner's brand,
That marks that hoss fer what he's worth—
Now don't you go an' ring in birth—
That *happened* 'count of natural laws,
An' follered up specific cause.
Why, pard, one day, among us came
A preecher—Price—that was his name.
The boys all shied—account of brand,
An' give the trail, while every hand
Jest thought he knowed him well enough
To git along, an' made the bluff

Preecher Price

They'd never miss the cuss at all
If, by some chance, he'd git a call
An' drift from off our usual range
To furrin parts that's wild an' strange.

The boys'd die—git sick er shot—
Er hung fer rustlin', like as not.
At plantin' time this Preecher Price
Was loaded up with somethin' nice
To say about some ornery hound
That over-s'iled Montana's ground.
He played the game straight up an' fair;
An' lyin' never turned a hair,
When once he started in to tell
How Bill er Jim were dodgin' hell
Because of good he knowed they'd done,
An' don't ye know that one by one
The boys got stuck on this here sport;
When one day Pete brings in report
Of how this Price was called away,
An' I ain't lyin' when I say

Preecher Price

We'd sooner have a Chinee cook
Than have this preecher-feller took.
An' so we barbecues a steer,
Gits Price an' all the fellers here;
An' when we're through an' says good-bye
He knowed that other folks could lie.

The Pot and the Kettle

THEY'VE stopped the Injin's dancin',
'Cause he don't wear many clothes.

It tends to lead him backward

(As the office-feller knows);

So a brave who dons a breech-clout

Like his daddy used to wear

Is an outlaw, since a Willie-boy

Got in the swivel-chair

Beside Potomac's waters

To deal out moral codes,

An' teach the pore ol' Injin

To know the proper modes.

But the Injin didn't shimmy,

An' he never knowed the rag;

He didn't go to dances

To accumulate a jag;

He never danced with women,

The Pot and the Kettle

But played the game alone.
His women wore real clothing,
An' some ornaments of bone.
While Willie-boy, the teacher,
With his ladies by his side,
Officiates at parties
That would make an Injin hide.
Miss Willie wears a necklace,
An' spider-webby hose,
An' high-heel shoes, an' little else,
But still she calls 'em clothes.
With her outfit altogether,
An Injin couldn't hope
To figure out a breech-clout,
Or flag an antelope.

Progress

THE rings we wear on fingers,
Men used to wear on toes—
Later on, 'twas stylish
To hook 'em in the nose—
It ain't no mighty distance
'Tween a rifle an' a bow:
'Bout the same, if measured careful,
'Tween a finger an' a toe.

Sour Dough

NCESSITY, er accident,
Er mebbly both combined,
Is totally responsible
Fer what some fellers find;
But I'm settin' here bareheaded,
Due reverence to show
The brainy cuss that hobbled 'em,
An' gave to man Sour Dough.

Ye can harp on great discoveries
Of scientific search;
But the microbe-huntin' duffer
Is backed clean off the perch
By this unknown wonder-worker
Who left us here below
Indebted fer his resipee
Fer mixin' of Sour Dough.

Sour Dough

'F I knowed where he was buried
I'd wander there alone,
An' on the grave where greatness sleeps,
I'd carve upon a stone:
"Oh, spirits of the other world,
Upon these bones bestow
All blessings known to art divine,
'Twas him that made Sour Dough."

To a Magpie

WISER'N a Medicine-man are you;
Pirate thief, an' pretty too;
Imp of the feathered tribe, an' pert—
 Sharper'n cuts from a puncher's quirt.
Yer deeds belie yer mournin' coat,
 As do the notes from yer thievin' throat.
Yer family tree I know by heart,
 Ye're mountain-rat an' coyote, part;
The rest is grave-clothes, black an' white,
 Draped to hide yer appetite.

Philanthropy Loafin'

THEM gravestones? "Philanthropy loafin'," Broken-nose Jack calls the lot.

Come sit in the shade of the hosses,
There's a breeze, an' it won't be so hot.

That ground that's tore up, like a cyclone
Had horned it about in a fit,
Is tailings from sluices of miners—
Some say there's pay in it yit.

But I reckon it's lean as a coyote:
They cleaned up the cream an' lit out.
Long 'fore the trail-herds from Texas
Was drove to the range hereabout.

Philanthropy Loafin'

The name of the camp I've forgotten,
But its graveyard was there 'gainst the hill,
Picked keerless, I reckon, an' thoughtless,
Though there's graves that's tenanted still.

But freshets of springtime is ruthless:
They rush, an' they tear out a bed,
Respectin' no confines nor country;
Not even the rights of the dead;

An' once led agin the defenseless,
The crick kept a-gougin' 'em out,
Till their bones nigh whitened its bottom—
Then 'long comes Andy Stout

A-ridin' on circle one mornin'
For the XT iron, an' the Y,
Their outfits was pooled for the roundup—
This crick was mighty nigh dry,

Philanthropy Loafin'

An' the bones was scattered a-plenty,
An' the sun was bleachin' 'em white;
I reckon the skulls pestered Andy,
For he told it in camp that night.

An' the boys—well, they gathered an' sorted,
Till they reckoned they had 'em nigh right,
A-namin' the piles, as they placed 'em;
An' then they selected a site.

An' they dug them graves on the hilltop,
Puttin' a pile in each hole,
As tender an' keerful an' decent
As though each was a human soul.

Then Andy, he mentioned gravestones,
An' the outfit made up a purse,
An' sent for a cat'log an' picked 'em—
But their choosin' couldn't been worse:

Philanthropy Loafin'

They was big an' as heavy as beef-steers,
But was finally got to the hill,
Though not to the top where the bones is—
They're awaitin' their duty still.

For the night the freighter fetched 'em,
A sheriff from Texas way
Took Andy back for rustlin'—
That's thirty years, to-day.

So I reckon "philanthropy loafin' "
Is what them stones represent,
Though it might have turned out diff'rent
If pore Andy hadn't went.

Confession

I'VE lighted night with flash of flame
And branded men with awful name;
In rustler's camp and outlaw bands
I've felt the grip of wicked hands;
I've wreaked fierce vengeance with my might
In bar-room row or border fight;
I've oft obeyed the coward's will
Nor wavered when he bade me kill;
In fight, defence, or murder, low,
I've struck for each a blow for blow.
I've never lied or worn a mask
Or shirked my part in any task,
Or questioned e'en a trembling hand;
But spoke aloud at its command,
Defending honor, peace, or name,
Or right to home, or squatter's claim.

Confession

The law I've broken and upheld;
'Gainst priest or thief I've ne'er rebelled:
But served alike the men of yore,
For I'm a "Frontier" forty-four.

Scar-face on Nature

I 'SPOSE you'll shy, an' mebbly quit,
But down to Shorty's Place I git
My rope on more o' maverick thought
Than most o' preachers ever taught.
'Tain't polished out o' common ken,
But bubbles out o' minds o' men
That's seen a heap an' know the brand
Of honest truth in any land.
Last night ol' Scar-face, Simpson's pard,
A fightin' hombre, tough an' hard,
But mellered by a drink or two,
Shore p'inted out a trail that's new.
"What went with that ol' Greaser spur
That's hung so long in Baxter's fir?
It's been there nigh to fourteen years
That I know of," says Billy Sears.
"Ha, ha!" laughs Scar-face, "have a drink,

Scar-face on Nature

An' then I'll tell you what *I* think.
What's gone with saddles, guns an' bits?
With hosses' shoes an' campin' kits?
What's gone with men? We say they pass;
But nature's got to make the grass."
He h'isted one, an' then he grins.
"The cunnin' heifer," he begins,
"Is close as ol' man Ogletree,
That owns the S an' Circle-C.
She don't believe in shameless waste,
An' though she don't show any haste
To close a mortgage out on men,
She tricks an' cheats 'em now and then.
Things disappear, an' always will,
Because she takes 'em, savvy, Bill?"
An' Billy nods, jest like he does,
An' Scar-face builds a smoke an' says:
"When men discard a thing she's lent
They'll soon be wonderin' where it's went.
Her agents work—they're never still;
What one *don't* do, another *will* :

Scar-face on Nature

The fire that burns an aspen stick
Is only savin' time the trick.
The dead can't loaf—the worm is there
To work a change an' git *her* share.
We cuss the moth that eats the fur
But he is jest a-mindin' *her*.
Each bit she owned when she began
Is right here now in spite o' man.
You savvy, Bill, that Greaser spur
May 'come a rose or cockle-burr—
It's workin' back since first the rust
Began to dim it, an' the dust
It lies in now is richer far
Than forty bad-land acres are."

The Council of the Sun

ONCE when night had spread her blanket
O'er the prairies and the hills,
And the Moon was watching over
Mighty streams and tiny rills,

Slept the Sun within his teepee,
Where the great West wind was born;
Slept and dreamed he of his people,
Till he felt the coming morn.

Then he rose and pondered deeply,
For a bloody hand had crept
Toward his people from the eastward:
He had dreamed it as he slept.

The Council of the Sun

“This,” said he, “must mean extinction
For my people and their ways;
Means the buffalo will vanish,
With the lore of other days.

“Go, you West wind, tell the Beaver,
Tell the *Old*-man and the Bear,
Tell the Moon I would have council,
That I need their wisdom there.”

In his lodge a fire he kindled;
Spread his robe of bison white,
Sacred thing, that of his people
None might see and save his sight.

Soft into the council teepee
Crept the *Old*-man and the Bear;
Crept the Moonlight and the Beaver;
Each with medicine was there.

The Council of the Sun

Each upon the lurid lodge-fire
Dropped a magic stick to burn,
Thus invoking Wisdom's spirit
To aid each of them in turn.

Then they sat them on the Sun-robe;
Passed the pipe of magic stone;
While the night grew dark and darker,
For the stars were left alone.

Thrice the pipe was filled and lighted
Ere the Sun to speak arose,
And from out a pouch of wampum
Drew a fragrant mountain rose.

Long he stood, the flower before him;
Then he spake: "My brothers true,
I have summoned you to listen
And to give you counsel, too.

The Council of the Sun

“This rose fades, but others follow,
And, like grasses on the plain,
From its seed rise many others;
Thus the flowers in number gain.

“Greed has crept upon our teepees;
War has claimed our bravest men;
Tribes have withered; lands are taken;
Peace will never come again.

“Our traditions and our customs,
Taught us by our fathers, old,
Handed down from Time’s beginning,
To our children are not told.

“That they may not be forgotten
And their ghosts haunt ford and trail,
We must find a way to save them;
Find a way that can not fail.”

The Council of the Sun

Then he told them of his dreaming,
Made the fearsome meaning plain,
Showed them whitened bones of bison,
Said they'd never live again;

Told them that behind the bison
Through the shadows Time had cast,
Trailed the tribes and all the lodges
To the sand-hills of the past;

Told them that a mighty people,
Leaving naught to mark the tale,
Soon would pass and be forgotten,
If their medicine should fail.

"*Old-man*, speak to us in wisdom,
For the future is our care."
Then he sat—the pipe he lighted—
"After you, I'll hear the Bear."

The Council of the Sun

“Sun, I made the earth and people,
Gave to each peculiar powers;
Scattered colors and the perfumes
’Mong the grasses and the flowers.

“Under Him I am creator,
And a way may yet be found;
I am saddened by your dreaming,
And my heart is on the ground.

“Like the snow my hair is turning,
Let the younger here be heard;
They have wisdom deep, and cunning,
And their hearts with grief are stirred.”

Spake the Sun: “The young are warriors;
Wisdom comes with many snows;
Yet the Bear is wise in counsel,
Let him speak in ways he knows.”

The Council of the Sun

And again they smoked in silence;
Smoked the pipe the Sun had made
Ere he battled with the darkness,
Taught the night to be afraid.

Then upon his shaggy haunches
Rose Big-medicine, the Bear;
Held his coup-stick out before him,
So that all might see it there.

“Mighty Sun, I bow before Thee,
Giver of all life and light !
Read you here my deeds of daring;
Count the scalps I’ve won in fight.

“Naught, O Sun, know I, of cunning;
Strength is mine, and healing power,
Know I roots and herbs and berries,
Know them by their bark and flower.

The Council of the Sun

“Great am I in war and hunting;
Great the Moonlight is at night;
Great the *Old*-man is at stories;
Cunning is the *Beaver*’s right.

“Cunningly he builds his teepee;
Builds he dams, where water falls,
Lays he sticks upon creek bottoms,
Bids them stay there till he calls.

“Great his wisdom, and his cunning;
Much as women are in war;
Wisdom is his only weapon;
Gentle as our daughters are.

“Mighty Sun, it is the Beaver,
Not the *Old*-man or the Moon,
That can point a way to follow;
Let us hear the Beaver soon.”

The Council of the Sun

Then the Sun from out a red-pouch
Filled the pipe with willow bark;
Lighted it from out the lodge-fire,
With a glowing, magic spark.

Thrice he drew the smoke within him;
Passed the pipe, whose feathered girds
Of the stem made thing of beauty—
“Beaver, I would hear thy words.”

“Wondrous Light that gives us being,
When Thy face is turned away,
Rivers freeze and hills are whitened,
And the night is near the day.

“Long ago I marked the passing
Of our people from the plain;
Long I’ve feared the Whiteman’s coming;
Much I’ve planned, but all in vain.

The Council of the Sun

“Once, O Sun, my muskrat cousin
Lost his way and wandered far;
Wandered to a mighty village
Where the monstrous fire-boats are.

“Hid he there, my muskrat cousin;
Learned he much of Whitemen’s ways;
Found the stream that led him homeward,
After many, many days.

“Then he told me of a *Young-man*
Who made picture-stories, true,
Of the Redman’s life and battles;
Of our hills and rivers, too.

“Told me that with brush and colors
Made he stories of the fight;
Of the hunt, and of our people;
Of the daytime and the night.

The Council of the Sun

“Great, O Sun, this story-teller;
Running Antelope, his name;
Let us make him chief among us;
Let us feed his fire with fame.

“Send him gifts of many women;
Send him robes and pony bands;
Make his lodge-skin bright with colors—
I’ll lend cunning to his hands.

“Let the *Old*-man tell him stories;
Tell him of our fathers’ days;
Let the Bear, the mighty warrior,
Tell him of a warrior’s ways.

“Let the Moonlight tell of women,
Teach him gentleness and love;
Thou, O Sun, alone can give him
Life and wisdom from above.”

The Council of the Sun

“Good!” they said in sign and word-talk.

Strong thy counsel is, and wise:

We will teach the picture-maker,

That he may not speak in lies.”

On the lodge-wall ghostly shadows

Warned them that the night was old;

Low the fire had burned, and *Old*-man

Shivered with the midnight cold.

Drew his robe about his body

And with Moon to light the way,

Sought his lodge, with Bear and Beaver,

Ere the coming of the day.

Then the Sun with golden fingers

Touched the eastern sky with light;

Bade the magic lodge-skin vanish

With the shadows of the night.

Note: Running Antelope is a name given
Charles Russell by the Blackfeet.

Little Bear

Chief of the Crees

SEAMED and old, the pawn of progress
In the wicked hand of fate,
Silent, sullen, unrelenting
In his deep, undying hate:
Hate that want brings to the haughty;
Hate that pride alone can feel;
Hate that comes of wrongs inflicted;
Hate and sorrow, deep and real.

Step by step and ever backward
O'er the ground his fathers trod;
Fighting e'er, and e'er invoking
Strength and peace from pagan God—
Gone his greatness and his freedom;
Grinning want alone remains;
Bison skulls and wallows mock him
On his old, ancestral plains.

Bluebird's Last Stand

AWAY in a rugged coulee
Where the gray wolf hides from day,
And the badlands, lone and dreary,
Into distance fade away,
Where the winds of winter whistle
As they speed the whirling snow,
There, alone, old Bluebird
Made a stand against his foe.
Found after twenty winters
By the springs were ushered out,—
This is the tale of Bluebird,
A Government half-breed scout:

Accused of double dealing,
Dismissed and under ban;
No tribe, no kin, no country—
A hopeless, outlawed man.

Bluebird's Last Stand

Despised by red-skinned warrior,
Distrusted by the white,
He sought the Northern border
Under cover of the night;
But followed by the redskins
Swift o'er the level sand,
Scarce reached the hills; and turning
Faced them from his stand.

His fight to a bitter finish
From a barricade of stones
Is told by thirty cartridge shells
And his bleached and shattered bones.
What if his name were sullied?
Brave hearts will thrill the same
At that last stand in the badlands,
Where a fellowman died game.

I Stood Beside a Mound of Wishing-Stones

I STOOD beside a mound of wishing-stones.
The light, fast fading from the plain,
Loosed purple shadows in the sage
Where long ago strong men, and sane,
Left foot-prints, in another age.

I fell to dreaming there beside the stones.
Westward appeared the evening star,
And wild-rose-scented zephyrs stirred,
And fancy, quick'ning, led me far,
And voices from the past I heard.

A Mound of Wishing-Stones

One from the snows 'neath Northern lights
was cold.

Deep-toned and tuned to savage mind,
It trembled with relentless hate;
And groping still, revenge to find,
It cried aloud, defying fate:

“I did deserve his blood and sought it long!”
The hate-harsh tone, like dagger-blade
That passion looses from its sheath,
Bit deep, and in the wound it made,
Spread poison as do serpents' teeth.

“Speak out, O stone of mine, and tell my tale.
A hatred, nursed, will life outlast!
Spare not thyself, nor my beliefs,
Span snows uncounted that have passed
Since I was hailed a chief of chiefs!”

A Mound of Wishing-Stones

Faint on the plain a skulking gray wolf howled.

“I speak, O chief,” a red flint said.

“’Twas love, an only love, he lost.

The thief, black-hearted, filched and fled,—

But harken while I count the cost.

“Did they alone, the thief and he, pay all?

No; he, sore-blinded by his hate,

Forgot that willing passion lends

A shorter, rougher route to fate—

That men must suffer with their friends.

“He sought both conjurer and lying priest.

And one, to earn his filthy hire,

(For each did serve him for a fee)

Swore, by the sparks of his magic fire,

There was red of revenge in me.

A Mound of Wishing-Stones

“He was dupe of lying priests and passion.
Sore spent and wasted, lo, he came,
And placing me, his panting breath
Hissed through his savage teeth a name,
Then cursing, wished its owner death.

“And so a pawn am I to living hate.
He died, and all his fame is dead
As ashes of the priestly fire,
Where he, a warrior, bent his head,
And proffered all to base desire.”

“Oh, I was here, and heard the awful wish!”
And faint and soft there in the night
Came tones as sweet as notes of birds;
And though no speaker was in sight,
I bent my head to catch the words.

A Mound of Wishing-Stones

“Yes, I was here, oh, long before that day.
Ah, Time with chilling fingers stills
The hearts of men, and bids them cease;
But in the far-off shadow-hills
Their spirits know a lasting peace.

“A little maid, deep-trusting, brought me here.
Oh, brave she put me to the test !
How well she knew her studied part !
She clutched me close against her breast—
How wild the beating of her heart !

“And I became a token of her faith.
'Twas life—a brother's life she craved.
And oh, the fervency of youth !—
Her love-made wish the warrior saved;
For she was faith and simple truth.”

A Mound of Wishing-Stones

Then came a voice still fainter in the night.
“Oh, man in tune with Time’s to-day,
Scoff not; for in a coming morn
Thy fervent faith and simple way
Will know another’s deepest scorn.”

The night was old and I did turn away.
No scoffer I, for flimsy creed,
And gods man made to govern men—
All handiwork of crafty greed—
As now, enslavéd reason then.

The Sun-Worshiper

AS Nature wrought she made him king,
And, jealous-hearted, bade him bring
His love as tribute to her throne,
Where offering it, he won her own.
Then, happy in requited love,
He sought a Deity above.

The Sun was God, for in His light
She smiled the sweetest in his sight—
Her moods were seasons, yet each change,
To him, the man, was masked and strange;
And awed and fearful of the power
That willed the scarlet to the flower,
And wondering whence the gentle grace
Reflected in her beauteous face,
He groped and oft mistook the signs
Marking his Maker's simple shrines,

The Sun-Worshiper

Till She, preceptress of His laws,
Revealed to him the Living Cause;
Bade him accept a servant's part,
And know his Maker's loving heart.
So from her counsel did he learn
How grew the berry, flower, and fern,
What banished night with gladdening dawn,
Why sang the birds, why played the fawn,
What nursed the seed in yielding sod—
Behold the Truth! The Sun was God!

Prophetic

HASTE, oh, haste and settle! Fill every
vacant place!

Leave nothing, lest our children know dame
Nature's naked grace—

We've the lessons taught by nations where con-
gestion bred unrest,

Where the hordes are serf and peasant, and the
few alone are blest.

Call those who know not freedom or the thrill
of human love

To fill the virgin vastness of this land that is
above

The soiling by a rabble who a heritage will steal—
The right of unborn children, with a title that is
real.

We have wasted and we've squandered, and we've
beckoned to the scum,

Prophetic

And be sure that retribution like a curse will
surely come.

In our civics we have blundered, in a blinding
quest for gain,

And will leave but husks behind us with our era
and its stain.

The Pioneer

SOON to the mist of a spirit camp
On Eternity's frontier,
Dim in the haze of the Great Beyond,
Will have passed the pioneer.

Peace, like smoke from signal-fires
Of redmen, known of old,
Beckons them on with promise, bright
As *float* from ores of gold,—

On and on to the shadowy end,
Where trails to man are strange,
And Mystery, guide to pass and ford,
Leads across the range;

Where the *pay* of rich reward
Awaits for service here,
And fate, relenting, guards the sluice
Of every pioneer.

The Old Frontier

ADOWN the trail with the buffalo herds
And the tribes of the warlike Sioux,
Are the round-up ways of cowboy days
And the old chuck-wagon, too.

The trapper sleeps, and the packer's gone
With the coach and the bronco team,
And the bunch-grass range is growing strange
To the lonely camp-fire's gleam.

The trails are dimming among the hills;
Old wallows on the plain
Are levelled now by the nester's plough,
And there *is* no wagon-train.

The Old Frontier

The bull team by old Time's corralled
O'er Custom's sharp divide;
And shades galore of thrilling lore
In its deep'ning thickets hide.

The trooper and the half-breed scout,
In a history-making mass,
With the pioneer and the old frontier,
Have sifted through the pass.

But like echoes of the life we knew,
A love that's deep and strange
Is camping close to the fading host
As it crosses Mem'ry's range.

Optimistic-Pessimism

THE doughnut, said a funny man,
The optimist can see,
But pessimists will view the hole
Inside the cake, while we,
Expressing no opinion
To harrow up their souls,
Are sure there can't be doughnuts
Without the usual holes.

To a Mountain-Rat

YES—I reckon that God made ye,
He's blamed fer rattlesnakes,
An' porkypines, an' woodchucks;
An' if *they* hain't mistakes,
Ye're a-crowdin' an example
Of carelessness divine,
In the works of the Creator,
To nigh the danger line.

Yer winkless eye, in innocence,
Hides cunnin' cussedness;
An' yer skin is full to bustin'
With longin's to possess
All things that don't belong to ye—
But when all's said an' done,
There's things on earth ye've *failed* to steal,
An' reputation's one.

Ol' Dad

COULDN'T raise a color
Though he tried with all his might;
Always lookin' mostly
On the side that showed up bright;

Ready fer to whack with ye
Half o' what he had;
Never once complainin',
Pore ol' dad.

'Peared to us, that if ol' dad
Should strike a streak o' luck,
He'd be tried for 'sault an' bat'ry,
With chances to git stuck.

Jes' a sort o' hoodoo
A-hangin' to a claim,
Till every feller had his doubts
As to his bein' sane;

Ol' Dad

Pretty ol' an' feeble,
Hind wheels wouldn't track,
Hump jest like a camel's
On his ol' bowed back;

Always goin' ter strike it—
Knowed 'twas jest ahead;
Till one day, in his tunnel,
Some fellers found him dead.

Buried with his boots on—
That was years ago;
An' yisterday they strick it
In the Big Black Joe.

That ain't the name they call it,
But his bones are on the claim
An' 'twould hurt the poor ol' feller
If he knowed they'd changed the name.

The Packer's Ideal

ME, I git so sore a-thinkin'
'Bout the deal a burro gits:

Nary poet sings his merits,
Nothin' sed about his wits,

Fortune deals him from the bottom,
Leadin' always from a sneak;
Seems high time some hombre anted,
An' I ain't afraid to speak.

'Course he ain't much hell fer pretty,
Ain't so all-fired fast as some,
But owns more honest thought than judges,—
Too blame bad the beggar's dumb—

The Packer's Ideal

Trails a bell-mare same as they do,
Never tries to break a trail,
Wouldn't cut across a corner
If his back was packed with mail.

But there ain't no fool stampedin',
Ain't a snort inside his hide,
Ain't a-figgerin' on a-stringin'
Pack an' riggin' far an' wide,

Ain't no doggone foolin'
'Long the trail fer that ol' boy,
Packs his load an' keeps a-knittin',
Like the job was full o' joy.

Knows he's workin', thinks he's got to:
"Shortest trail an' stiddy gait,"
That's his motto—almost human.
But you take a cayuse bait

The Packer's Ideal

An' he's full o' moods like women,
Never was a trail to suit,
Always feedin' or a-foolin',
An' he's p'ison mean, to boot.

Camp with burros: in the mornin'
There they be, a-lyin' 'round;
Might be chawin' up yer foot-rags,
But the burro's on the ground.

Take a train o' cayuse-hosses,
Camp in feed that hides their backs:
Mornin' comes, an' nary buzzard,—
Jest their gosh darn tracks.

God Almighty wasn't jokin'
When he made the burro, man:
He made him like he is a-purpose,
Nothin' beats him—nothin' can.

The Pack Bell

ALONG about October when the birch trees
change their hue,

An' the streams are clear as crystal, an' the skies
are turquoise blue,

An' the tam'racks turnin' yaller lend color to
the firs,

Then the wanderin' spirit in me that's been
a-sleepin' stirs,

Till I long to be a-goin' where fairies cast a spell
On the sweetness of the music in the old pack
bell.

There's heaps of comfort in it; Oh, the song that's
in the thing!

There ain't no lonesome feelin' in its tinkle-ting-
a-ling.

I like to watch the moonlight, too, a-filterin'
through the trees

The Pack Bell

On timbered buttes above me, an' I like to hear
the breeze

When it brings the rush of rapids an' lets it sink
an' swell,

A-drownin' fer a moment the old pack bell.

I like to watch my camp-fire's sparks go sailin'
in a dell,

But my ears are strainin' ever fer the tinklin' of
the bell:

It's the sugar in my coffee, the kernel in the
shell,—

I ain't afoot, an' know it by the tinkle of the
bell.

Compensation Bill

HE'S a queer ol' cuss, Bill Baters,
Works a claim on Yankee Bar,
Been there ever since the sixties;
Come there from the Civil war.

Gulch is cleaned, an' camp has faded;
Men have nigh forgot its name;
"Chinks" have gone that worked the tailings;
Ol' Bill gophers, jest the same.

Crumbled cabins down below him:
Woodchucks burrow 'neath their logs;
Pack-rats pile their finds in corners,
Undisturbed by men or dogs.

Compensation Bill

Crick flows over broken sluices;
Timbers strewed from rim to rim;
Water makin' fuss an' growlin'—
Not a soul there, only him.

Gives a man a lonesome feelin',
Like a graveyard that's forgot—
Land o' massey! wisht he'd leave it;
Find him dead there, like as not.

Buys a mess of books an' papers;
Reads 'em all by candle-light;
See it shinin' through his winder
When I pass there late at night.

Says that Life is jest a diggin's—
That its gravel always pays
'Bout alike, if makin' cleanups,
The miner only *weighs*;

Compensation Bill

Claims the law of compensation

Always camps with every man

Who will watch, in pannin' gravel,

For its colors in his pan.

He believes it, an' is happy,

Lives there yet, an' always will;

Folks that know him learn to love him—

Call him Compensation Bill.

Intercession

LET me guess at his untold story,
Let me say what is in my heart:
These are the bones of a soldier
Who faithfully did his part.

I spurn the faulty record!
Missing? Deserter?—a lie!
Hark to the whispering larches,
His story shall not die!

How oft have their needles fallen
Like gold in the golden sun,
A tribute each to a hero,
A brave, unhonored one.

Intercession

And ever do they whisper,
 “Missing? Deserter?—a lie!
We heard the din of the battle,
 We saw him fall and die.

“ ‘Water, oh God ! some water,’
 We heard the dying groan,
Saw him, blue-coated hero,
 Creep down the hill, alone.

“Down through Joseph’s warriors,
 Fierce with the lust of fight,
With five canteens about his neck,
 Daring the shot-swept night.

“Oh, count the shells beside him,
 Greened with the stain of years—
‘Water, oh God ! some water,’
 How it sang in his thumping ears !

Intercession

“He fought like a maddened tiger
Whose whelps are starved for food,
And he died beside the river,
Like a mother for her brood.”

Thus do the larches whisper,
And thus the canteens say,
And from an unknown soldier's name
The stain is wiped away.

I spurn the faulty record!
Missing? Deserter?—a lie!
Joseph, chief of the chieftans,
How did this soldier die?

Near the Clearwater and not far from the spot where Chief Joseph, the Nez-Perce, held General Howard after a battle, the skeleton of a soldier was found with five canteens strung about its neck and several empty cartridge shells beside it.

The Old Canoe

EVER shove her out an' let her drift
Down the stream, an' never care
How slow she went, ner where:
Jest snoopin' through the summer air, adrift?

'Round the bend, an' 'round another let her
drift,
Watchin' swallows dip an' skim
'Long the river's mossy rim;
Jest a-dreamin' of a whim, adrift.

Laziest thing on earth to do, let her drift,
Like a buzzard, floatin' 'round
'Mong the clouds, without a sound;
Let her strike, an' swing around, an' drift.

The Old Canoe

Under bushes, 'mong the leaves, let her drift;
Now in sunshine, then in shade,
Like the records we have made—
Last a minute, then they fade, an' drift.

Life is just an old canoe, let her drift
Down the river, 'round the bend,
Driftin' slowly toward the end;
On the currents all depend, an' drift.

The Trout Pool

WATER swirls and eddies deep,
Through the brush the pheasants peep
From the moss about the pool
Into mirrors deep and cool.

Shimmering there in damaskeen,
Traced exquisitely in green,
Leaves and stems that hide the sky
On a sheen of silver lie.

The Deer Lick

LITTLE openin' in the timber,
Skirted 'round with willer brush;
Water pool out in the center,
 Lanced with reeds an' jointed rush;
Spots of green, an' muddy patches;
 Fresh-made tracks of buck an' doe;
Trails a-leadin' from the forest
 To this haunt the wily know.
Red sun droppin' 'hind the hill-tops;
 Pine squirrels chatterin' on high limbs;
Birds in colored coats repeatin'
 Sweetest parts of evenin' hymns;
Pine-tops, painted red an' golden
 In the low sun's softenin' glow,
Shaded dark where, denser-needed,
 Giant fir an' spruce-trees grow;
Eyes a-peekin' through the willers,

The Deér Lick

Scannin' careful o'er the ground;
Ears full-cocked, an' jest a-waitin'
Fer a hint o' slightest sound—
Crack! ye hear the twigs a-poppin'
'Long the trail on 'tother side,
An' yer nerves are nigh to bustin'
As ye catch a glimpse of hide.
Out he stalks into the open,
Sniffs the breeze with startled air,
Jest a second till you find him
Through yer sights—a second—there!
An' the echoes roll an' tumble,
Frightened birds have hushed their song,
Fer a white-tail buck is dyin'
'Mong the rushes, green an' long.

Night in the Forest

SOFT the night wind 'neath the moon
Stirs the birch trees, and the loon,
Mourning, cries upon the lake,
And the sleeping echoes wake;

Dark the woods that reach away
Where the kit fox is at play,
And the great owl's voice resounds
O'er a host of lesser sounds;

Graceful ferns and clinging vines,
Mossy beds beneath the pines,
Where the fawn its mother waits,
And the strutting pheasant mates;



Night in the Forest

Yawning caves where dwells the bear,
Cunning burrows of the hare,
Sighing firs, and trickling streams,—
Realm of rest and fairy dreams.

The Perfume of the Pines

THEY kin counterfeit the perfume
Of the vi'let an' the rose,
They kin imitate the color
An' the breath of apple-blows,

They kin bottle up the fragrance
Of a field of new-mown hay;
But the perfume of the forest
Is the breath of nature's Fay.

From her haunts she never wanders,
An' she never yit has shown
Aught but honest nature-lovers
To her mystic flower-throne,

The Perfume of the Pines

Where she sits an' tosses fragrance

To the zephyr an' the gale;

Fer the hummin'-bird an' eagle;

Fer the partridge an' the quail.

To them that's close to nature

An' worship at her shrine

She lends appreciation

With the incense of the pine;

But she never tells her secrets

Till ye've felt her beatin' heart,

Lest a traitor might betray 'em

To the counterfeiter's art.

Night in Glacier Park

THE woods are dark, and in the firs
The breath of sprite and fairy stirs.
The fire is dead, but embers glow
In breezes wafted to and fro.

A darting night-bird calls his mate,
On trails the lynx and lions wait
From dusk until the break of dawn
To spring upon the doe and fawn.

The snap of twigs, the falling cone,
The rattle of a loosened stone
Upon the bank where river-folk
Are prowling in a shadow-cloak,

Night in Glacier Park

The whistle of a startled deer

Beneath the alders growing near—

Intensified is every sound,

For here is Fancy's camping ground.

Hon De Fall

DE tamarack she's hall yaller,
Lak de gol' de miner fin'
W'en she's pan an' work de pay-dirt
In de hol'-tam placer mine;
De lak' she's still as silence
In de cedar swamp at dawn;
Monsieur buck she's gone a-courtin',
Madame doe mos' quit de fawn
Dat he's watch an' lead all summer,
For she's lose dem leetle spot
Sam' tam buck she's rub de velvet,
W'en de summer's mos' forgot;
Hol' bull elk is w'istle, w'istle
Hon de full September moon;
Partridge drummin'—ho! w'ere is he?
You han't answer very soon!

Hon De Fall

Over dat way—no it's dis way—

Wall, she's somew'ere close about!

Oui, dat's right, mon cher, O surely

She's hon de worl', no doubt!

Ma Frien' Pete Lebeau

HI'M lak de fall—well, spring-tam, too,
An' wintair, jist de sam—
But hon de fall, oh my, oh my!
Dat's sure de busy tam:

Hol' bevair's workin' 'ard she can,
De pine-squirrel's ronnin' roun'
Among de leaf de quakin' asp
Is trowin' hon de groun'.

De w'ite-tail deer, tsst-tsst, tsst-tsst!
She's jist so fat kin be,
An' dock an' goose hupon de marsh,
An' pheasant hon de tree.

Ma Frien' Pete Lebeau

Hol' moosh-rat's talkin' to hisself,

A-swimmin' near de shore;

An' touch canoe wid paddle-blade—

Echo! Ba oui! Encore!

Dat bird—I don' know nam English—

Got very 'ard de face—

She's poun' hon tree, brrrrrr! dat way,

Den pass hon nodder place—

Wood-pecker! Oui! Sure! Dat's de boy,

She's look por bog, maybe,

An' mak de noise w'en mornin's bring

De sunlight hon de tree.

Hol' Pete, she's comin' por de hont,

She's holler hout, "Lenore,

Wat for you stop hon bed, mon cher?

De daylight's hon de door.

Ma Frien' Pete Lebeau

“Wak hup! Wak hup! an' 'ear de loon,
She's cryin' hon de lak;
An' chickadee, e's 'appy too,
From all de row e's mak.”

Of course HI'm laugh; Pete make-believe
HI'm sleep hon bonk, you know,
An' stop houtside an' play lak dat—
She's good man, Pete Lebeau.

HI'm ope de door, hol' Pete is bow,
“Bon jour, Monsieur Lenore!
HI'm comin' 'ere as prearrange'
Las' night hon trader's store.”

HI'm tak my gon, maybe some grub,
An' den hol' Pete an' me
We're 'appy jist lak leetle boy—
She's good frien' Pete, por me.

Pete Lebeau's Lament

ME, HI'm hol' man—seventy-tree;
De country's change', de sam lak me:
W'ere de woods was grow is prairie now,
Hon de hol' game-trail is work de plow,
An' hon de plains dat uster be,
By gar, de man is mak de tree!
De reevair, ho! she's ronnin' wrong,
Don' lak de reeple's hol'-tam song;
An' so w'ere de trout was jomp an' play
De groun' is dry an' de stone is gray.
HI'm glad, you bat, HI'm hol' man, me,
HI'm please' HI'm leeve in tam por see
De way de God is work de plan—
HI'm sorry she han't suit de man.

Reverie

HI'M hol' man, me—no frien' at all—
Dey're gone por long tam now;
An' me, HI'm stop sam place ten year,
Mak 'ay an' sell de cow.
An' me I can't read hon de book,
So, it's easy ting por see,
W'en shadders creep in troo de door
HI'm git bad lonesome, me.
HI'm fill de pipe an' stir de fire,
An' tink of days dat's gone,
W'en lan' was new an' de boy was gay—
By Gar! we're mak de fon.
An' dere hon de fire I look an see
De hol' day jist as plain can be.
De rapids roar hon de reevair, beeg,
An' de boy hon de gran' canoe

Reverie

Go troo dem straight in de open fire

Sam lak dey uster do.

HI'm pack my load hup de mountain trail,

HI'm go hon de Hinjin camp;

HI'm hon de pain an' in de wood,

Lak w'at you call de tramp.

HI'm see Baptiste an' Joe an' Jean,

HI'm mak believe por talk;

Sometam we'll go hon bark canoe,

Sometam we'll take de walk.

Baptiste she's dead por fifteen year;

Poor Joe she's keel by bear,

An' Jean she's go hon State por leeve—

Maybe she's die somew'ere.

Me, HI'm 'ear de 'igh w'eel cart,

Lak wil' goose hon de fall,

Squakin' dere hon de beeg, wide plain

W'ere de curlew w'eel an' call.

De travois-loads an' de pony band

Is drif' troo de long bunch-grass

An' de pack 'orse creep hup de steep 'illside

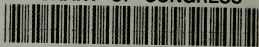
Reverie

An' down troo de mountain pass.
HI'm tak de drink hon de hol' saloon,
HI'm dance Red Reevair jeeg,
An' Pete Lebeau she's seeng de song,
Till my 'eart is feelin' beeg.
De hol' stage-coach go rockin' by
“'Ello!” de driver shout—
HI'm sorry, me, por see him come,
She's 'orn de hol' tam hout.
HI'm sit me 'ere an' stir de fire
Till HI'm see surveyor-man
Wid spy-glass hon de t'ree long stick—
Den HI'm queet so soon I can.

Old Trails

O dimming trails of other days,
Your lure, your glamour, and your ways
Will last while those who knew you live,
And, fading, to the past will give,
To guard and to forever hold,
A wealth of stories never told.
The winters pass and take their toll;
Where tramped the bear now crawls the mole,
And grasses, spurning steps so light,
Are blotting you from human sight.
The same winds blow, the seasons change,
But whitemen's ways are hard and strange;
We tread on ants, and lo! 'tis thus
Eternity will tread on us.

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